

TO MY SOUTHERN FRIENDS.

By F. A. CHAFFIN.

From the hills of the snowy North I come, your sunny skies to seek,
And with the balmy air I breathe, to fan my pale, thin cheek;
I see you from the trembling arms, that cherish my infancy,
O Father, guard them evermore, as they have watched for me.

I have left the graves where my kindred sleep, and above their
quiet pillow,
Where the tear, in bitterness, I shed, sleeps the leafless weeping
willow;
No flowers are blooming over them, but deep the snow lies
there,
And the birds that sang their requiem have fled to a clime
more fair.

I left the true, the trusting heart, but bear that image still,
And in the soul's communion find my bosom still thrill;
For in its leaguer to sever those, who know this life begun,
Since 'tis no presence sensible that makes their spirits one.

I left a little child, the dew was on his brow,
We had given him back to God, with many a tear and vow,
And angels smiling saw him bound, with many a tear and vow,
And angels smiling saw him bound, with many a tear and vow.

I come, and ye have welcomed me, a stranger in your land,
Ye've showed a welcome wanderer with your open heart and hand;
And may you find a home here, when death's brief work is
done,
And meet within those mansion fair, each loved and wept for
one.

Albany, D. C., Jan. 9.

For the Herald and Journal.

LETTER FROM PROF. DEMPSTER.

The Thames—Hampton Court—Its Attractions—Its History—Cardinal Wolsey—His Splendor—His Fall.

During our sojourn at London, we frequently passed, from that city, up and down the beautiful Thames. Our first excursion on that river made the second and third increasingly desirable.

The beauty of the scenery amidst which it flows, and the thrilling associations which the relics of the past awaken, make one love to linger along its shores; while on the bosom of this stream, at a certain point, the eye feasts on one scene the most Eden-like of earth's regions.

While you are delighted with every view, as the river sweeps away amidst scattered villages, green fields, and overhanging trees, you are charmed with that terrestrial paradise, as you are borne forward in silent grandeur towards its stately gateway.

That spot of absorbing interest is Hampton Court. But though the Thames washes its very verge, there are other points from which a general view must more imposing may be taken. While the hills of Richmond, of Esher, and of St. George, furnish such a view, they are also among the ornaments of the place. As that is seen from these distant heights, towering amidst an ocean of foliage, these heights themselves are seen from that, swelling away in the distance, raising their wood-crowned summits to heaven.

The golden of this Court has been resorted to by thousands of eyes, and has obtained by an ocular view, by breathing its winding walks, and leisurely surveying its rich variety, and its boundless bloom. On the outskirts of this lovely spot, wave the long-time tree-avenues. The Court itself, as you wander through its spacious rooms, appears like a group of palaces. In one apartment are deposited armory sufficient to equip a thousand warriors. In another are pendant the finest paintings of modern ages. Among other choice pieces, are the Cartoons of the immortal Raphael. Others are adorned with the richest variety of the brightest creations of genius. But without degrading to draw a picture of this incomparable palace, or to delineate its blushing gardens or its enchanting grounds, we hasten to advert to its historical associations.

To propitiate Henry VIII., Wolsey presented this palace to that fierce and fabled monarch. Here that royal pope of England, that murderer of his successive wives, held his court. This became the birthplace of Edward sixth. Here bloody Mary, with Philip of Spain, passed a portion of her cruel reign. Here were formed her black purposes of lighting up the fires of Smithfield. After this frightful storm had spent its fury, and the bloody magician that raised it had exchanged this palace for a persecutor's grave, Elizabeth here kept, at times, her brilliant court, formed of the mightiest minds in the realm—a galaxy of mental splendor! Here were passed the brightest and gloomiest days of Charles the First, whose darkened sun set in blood. When Cromwell had vanquished the royalists, and crawled to dust a thousand monuments of the church's ancient power, he retired for repose to this palace. Charles the Second, with his licentious court, turned it into a brothel, by deeds too foul to blot the page of history. All his royal successors made this palace their favorite resort, up to George the Second.

But nothing in the shape of kings, or queens, or courtiers, that have ever shed their lustre or dropped their tears on this royal abode, thrills the eye like the story of its founder, Cardinal Wolsey. Among all the prelates of the church, he stands alone on the historic page. His ascent to the zenith with the comet's effulgence, his drop from the height like a falling star—his gorgeous palace was in harmony with his unique character. He was the author and centre of all its magnificence. If his rise was sudden, and his progress matchless, his descent was abrupt and his fall ruinous. For a quarter of a century he never ceased to be loaded with offices and honors from the pope and sovereign, and with rich presents from foreign princes. That while twenty-five years, from 1504 to 1529, glowed with the splendors of his expanding fortune.

All Europe saw Henry the Eighth and Leo the Tenth vie with each other in the honors they lavished on the Cardinal. There was not a crown in the world that Europe whose revenues equaled those of Wolsey. His prelate power was that of a pope in England. His ministerial influence, rather than the power of Henry, governed the realm. Flattered and courted by power and beauty at home, honored and envied by kings and nobles abroad, though hated and feared by some of Henry's court, Wolsey passed onward, with long and rapid strides, to an eminence loftier than any prince or prelate before him had reached. There was not an enduring monument in the kingdom on which he did not seek to inscribe his name. Many of the best buildings which age produced still survive, as the fruit of his energy and ambition. While in his single grasp were the destinies of both church and state, he aimed at converting them all into an abiding monument of his own life. At his palace, a thousand servants were in his waters, and on his journeys, the highways were thronged and irradiated by his retinue.

His offices, honors, and sources of revenue had been more numerous than the years which had measured his prosperous history. Indeed, he seemed to have gathered in himself all the prerogatives and splendors of other prelates, and given to the aggregate blaze ten-fold intensity and expansion. While thus swimming in wealth and soaring in fame, while awakening the wonder of all Europe by his fearless prowess, from this very acme of all that wealth and fame could give, Wolsey was precipitated by the frown of his monarch. This twenty years a pyramid of strength, bathing its summit in perpetual brightness, fell in ruins as if scattered by a bolt from heaven.

That so long and splendid a day dream, with all its rainbow beauties, should vanish for ever at one stern look of royalty, seemed at first not a reality but a fiction. But the Cardinal found that no rising sun was to follow the night which had so suddenly shaded him. Never were human fortunes more perfect in their contrast, more striking in their light and shade, more distant in their height and depth. His career, like a summer day, seemed to himself and others too bright and gay to end. But, as in a moment, a cloud overcast the heavens, a tempest burst from its angry bosom, and the fires, flashing through the short and truth rise from its obscurity and shed its blessed influence over the community.

Prayer, perhaps, has been too much neglected in carrying forward the temperance reformation. We place too much dependence on human effort and too little on the divine blessing. And when our cause sickens and opposition thickens and defies our strength, we surrender to the tyrant, believing further efforts to be useless. But this is not in accordance with my experience. When all human means are unavailing, there is one other weapon, precious and powerful, that never fails me, and which no malice or intrigue can destroy. The Lord helps us to use this weapon to the destruction of intemperance and the complete triumph of temperance and righteousness.

Jan. 8.

For the Herald and Journal.

THE INFIDEL ON HIS DEATH-BED.

From the Boston Watchman.

The writer of this was called, about mid-day, to visit a young man in the last moments of life. He was a professed infidel, and refused any spiritual aid, or the services of a minister. On entering the room, the scene was truly awful—the young man was dying; near the bed sat his widowed mother and sisters. He was struggling to hide his tears, and appear calm and collected in the conflict with death. As I approached him, the window was slightly opened to admit sufficient light; he turned towards the window, and as his eye for a moment rested on me—it was only a moment, however, for he was quickly turned away with his face towards the wall—seeming determined to prevent my conversing with him. I took his hand, he withdrew it; I asked him to look at me and talk about his latter end; he groaned and hid himself beneath the bed clothes. Again I held his hand, and by gentle force turned him towards me. His countenance was intelligent, and his features good; his appearance indicated 21 years of age.

Dec. 1846.

LETTER FROM VERMONT.

Temperance in Vermont—The Crisis—Lyndon.

Mr. Editor.—The cause of temperance in Vermont has many firm and laborious friends, as well as some virginal and bitter enemies. Loud and often have these enemies reiterated the declaration that the cause was going down, and would soon dwindle into insignificance. Some well disposed persons have been duped by these windy assertions, and have withheld their influence from this grand and patriotic enterprise, to avoid, in their opinion, embarking in an untold and hazardous experiment. But notwithstanding these obstacles, the cause is advancing in many counties, and we trust will soon be triumphant throughout the State.

In a few months, the people will be called upon to decide the question whether licenses to sell intoxicating drinks as a beverage shall be granted to our enemies. Our laws regulating the sale of liquors are a State affair; and the whole State decides the question, instead of towns and counties, as in former years. And the leaders of the two parties are training their respective bands for a vigorous and final onset, and God grant a glorious victory to the sons of temperance. Should the friends of truth and sobriety be defeated, they will rally their forces for another more determined crusade against the deadly foe, when the next election shall call them to duty. And if defeat follow defeat, they will still buckle on the armor and face the enemy, till vanquished in death or crowned with the laurels of victory. What a genuine disciple of temperance, giving up the contest because of a few wounds and a formidable host of exulting persecutors? No, no, such an instance can be rarely found in this region. I know a few professed friends of the cause have deserted our ranks and joined our enemies; but the genuine friends, such as have taken the Bible for their guide, will not give up their temperance till they abandon their religion. With them, temperance and religion are identical sentiments. They have one common origin, and to be permanent and successful, must commingle together in all their movements.

In the town of Lyndon, the friends have lately achieved a most signal victory. Thank God, that after so many sacrifices of time and interest, so many prayers and lamentations, and hopes and fears, the enemy is routed from one of his strongest holds, over which the banners of triumph are now waving in meek and graceful majesty. Establishment after establishment, which sent out its messengers of destruction, has given up its death-dealing business, and now the prisoner of the degenerate race has yielded, not a prisoner of war, we trust, but a convert to the principles of true religious liberty.

I have been acquainted with this village for twelve years, and speak not without authority. The standard of temperance was raised amid the tumult of riot and the clang of opposition. Its defenders were few, its enemies many. Alternating victories and defeats marked the progress of the cause for many years, and when the last hope of success seemed about to expire, its friends would assemble in their temples of worship, and petition the King of heaven to help them in their extremity, and give them access to the hearts of the people. Again and again, in the prayer-meeting and the conference room, would prayers, deep and fervent, be offered for the success of this holy institution. Exhortation after exhortation was given, beseeching the brethren to maintain their integrity and go forward in work of love, with the Bible for their guide, and Jesus for their commander. Though few in number, comparatively, yet a resolute and consecrated band were these soldiers of temperance. And to the efficacy of their prayers and exhortations may be attributed, in part, their late victorious achievements. And now hear, all ye desponding children of temperance, who

are faint and weary, and see little prospect of reformation in your interperate neighbors—Go to the King of heaven with your sorrows, and day and night plead for his blessing upon your labors, and in due time opposition will cease, and an abundant harvest crown your efforts. You have labored long and patiently, argument, persuasion, entreaty, have proved alike useless in convincing your enemies. You are tempted to give up in despair and resign for ever your temperance commission. But remember that above the banner of temperance rests the bow of promise, and though clouds and tempests may hover round and threaten its ruin, yet will the angel of mercy scatter every cloud and protect the pure emblem of peace from every danger.

What though ten thousand foes, ferocious and powerful, attack your principles and retard your work of mercy, you have a weapon potent, un-failing, and without price, that will disperse your enemies and lead you to certain conquest. So long as there are five praying souls in any temperance society—souls that will carry their sorrows and trials to the Savior, and urge their sin with all the fervor and pathos of an unflinching Christian soldier—so long as there are in any society persons of this character, so long will there be hope of triumph. Victory may be delayed for a season, but the reign of the oppressor will be short and truth rise from its obscurity and shed its blessed influence over the community.

Prayer, perhaps, has been too much neglected in carrying forward the temperance reformation. We place too much dependence on human effort and too little on the divine blessing. And when our cause sickens and opposition thickens and defies our strength, we surrender to the tyrant, believing further efforts to be useless. But this is not in accordance with my experience. When all human means are unavailing, there is one other weapon, precious and powerful, that never fails me, and which no malice or intrigue can destroy. The Lord helps us to use this weapon to the destruction of intemperance and the complete triumph of temperance and righteousness.

Jan. 8.

I AM THE TRUE VINE.

For the Herald and Journal.

This beautiful saying of our Savior is thought, by commentators, to have been suggested by the vineyard scenery which environed Jerusalem, and through which the great Teacher led his disciples to the side of Olivet. This suggestion is at once natural and beautiful, and it was wrong to doubt it, except by another equally so.

The emphatic declaration, "I am the true vine," seems to refer to some symbolic vine, with which the disciples were familiar. Such a vine formed the most magnificent ornament of the temple. It was of pure gold, and wrought above the inner gateway. According to Josephus, its clusters were as large as a man, and the whole vine in magnificent proportion. The Rabbinists add, that it grew from year to year; a thing that will not surprise us, when we learn that the golden offerings of the people were wrought into grapes and leaves to increase it.

If this were so, (and we may not doubt it,) and if the magnificent proportions of this vine rendered it visible from the declivity of Olivet, where Christ was instructing his disciples, how significant this emblematic instruction. As his eye rested upon the golden semblance of a vine gleaming above the gateway of the inner temple, how beautiful his declaration, "I am the true vine!"

J. T. P.

HOME.

By Miss Roxcomb.

The busy world,
With all its tumult and the stir of life,
And some on commerce and ambition bent,
And all on happiness; while each one loses
One little spot, in which his heart would fain
With nature's balmy feelings, one sweet spot,
And call it home! If there is sorrow there,
It runs through many a bosom; and a smile
Lights up in eyes around a kinder smile;
And if disease intrudes, the sufferer finds
Rest on the breast beloved.

I DON'T WANT YOU TO GO TO HELL.

A FATHER'S STORY.

The first serious impressions on my mind, were occasioned by reproof of my little son, about seven years of age, for profanity. I sent him to the Sabbath school, not because it was a source of instruction to him. When he returned, I questioned him, and answered his questions, as I did not attend public worship. In the course of the conversation I said that such were guilty of wickedness would go to hell, and among other vices that subjected persons to punishment, I mentioned profanity. About an hour afterwards, I observed that something seemed to dwell on his mind.

"Father," said he, "did you say that folks that swore went to hell?"

"Yes," said I.

"Father," he replied, "I have heard you swear."

This troubled me much, and I resolved that he should never hear me swear again. I, however, had not thought of repeating the practice, except in his presence, and so closely did I guard my tongue, that it was nearly two months before he heard me use any profane language. I then broke out as usual, and uttered some profane expressions. I saw him, but it was too late. He said nothing, but his mind seemed to be torn. This was a little past twelve o'clock. Early in the evening, I asked him if it was not time to go to bed. He, however, did not go. At length I told him to come to me and be undressed. He came and soon began to weep. I asked him the reason, and bade him tell me.

"Father," said he, "you said that folks that swore went to hell, and I don't want you to go there."

Judge then of my feelings. It was enough to make the stones cry out. Still I was that hard-hearted wretch, (although at the time I was obliged to retire and give vent to my feelings,) that I tried to drive every thing like conviction far from me, and while the Spirit of God was striving with me, I actually called in the aid of spirituous liquors to calm my troubled mind. But I now have some reason to hope that God, according to the riches of his grace, has had mercy on my soul. My constant prayer is, that I may be faithful until death.

DR. BEECHER'S VIEWS OF SCOTLAND.

He first went to Scotland. But on visiting Glasgow and Edinburgh, he felt himself at home. The habits, manners, language, and countenances of the people, were all Yankee. If he had gone to sleep in Boston, and was waked up in Edinburgh, he should not have known, from the appearance of things around him, that he was out of New England. Scotland is more like New England than any nation under heaven. Churches, schools, colleges, a high standard and tone of morals, all like New England. There is, however, more homogeneity of character in Scotland than here. There are fewer, much fewer, religious denominations. The Scotch are

more private apartments and dungeons, under the palace itself. These dungeons were also accessible from the palace by a secret passage, which was unknown until the arena of these apartments of death were laid open by the French. Indeed, it is said the citizens generally did not know of the existence of these wretched cells. Here the trembling victims were led to torture and to death. We visited these gloomy prisons; they were dark as night, and consisted each of one arch of heavy masonry, with a single hole for the purpose of respiration, &c. They had been generally lined with wood, but Napoleon had permitted the citizens to enter and tear out all that was moveable in these horrid cells. Here was a grated window, where the victims used to be strangled. They were seated upon a block within, and a rope fastened at one end, passed through the grate and round the neck, and out again to a machine, by the turning of which, the head and shoulders were drawn up to the grate, and the poor wretch was strangled by the cord that passed round his neck. Another place was fitted for decapitation, like a guillotine. The heavy knife, fitted to a frame, was raised by machinery to the proper distance, (the victim being fixed in a right position,) when it fell and struck the head from the body, and a trench in the stone, made for the purpose, conveyed the blood down into the water below. All this was done by night, and with the utmost privacy; and here were the little niches in the wall where the executioner placed his lamp while he performed his bloody work.

all Scotch, and all maintain the same manly, independent, sincere and conscientious tone and bearing. They are a highly educated nation, and they are determined to maintain their high standing in this regard. The Scotch clergy are the best educated clergy in the world. In science, in literature, in the arts, in metaphysics, as well as in theology, they are very deeply versed. The people are highly moral. They understand what a new heart is, what true regeneration is, and they are firm believers in the sovereignty of God, in election, in the eternity of future punishments, and, in short, in all the doctrines of Calvinism. The Free Church embodies most of the piety, the talents, the taste, and the learning of Scotland. She holds it to be her duty to sustain the interests of sound learning and evangelical piety in Scotland, and she claims the privilege of doing this, not only for that country, but she also regards it as her duty and her privilege to support those poor pupils and devoted ministers of the Canton de Vaud, in Switzerland, who like her own clergy, have been ejected from their livings for righteousness and truth's sake. Scotland may then be depended on to do her full proportion in the great work of converting this world to Christ.

THE EMPEROR AND CHRYSOSTOM.

The emperor of Constantinople was mortally incensed against St. John Chrysostom. One day, inflamed with anger, he exclaimed, in presence of his court, "Would that I could revenge myself of that priest!" Four or five of his courtiers, assembled around him, ventured their opinion as to the manner in which his vengeance might be most effectually gratified. The first said, exile him; the second, confiscate all that he possesses; the third, throw him in prison, and load him with chains; the fourth, are you not all-powerful—is not his life at your command?—Give instant orders for his death. A fifth possessed more penetration than the others, and not fearing his master's displeasure, boldly said, you are all mistaken; if you exile him, what do you gain? Is not the whole world his country?—Confiscate his possessions, you but deprive the poor of them, not himself. Throw him in prison, he will bless his chains, and esteem it a privilege to suffer.—"Blessed are they that suffer persecution, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." If you condemn him to death, you unclothe the gates of heaven to him. Prince, would you know the only means of revenge? Force him to commit a crime. I know him well; "that man fears nothing except to sin." "Hic homo nihil timet nisi peccatum." No; he fears neither exile, nor the loss of property; neither chains nor torture of any kind. He fears but sin.

A SHORT DIALOGUE ON TRIALS.

A. My present situation is very uncomfortable. I am subjected to daily privations and annoyances.

B. True, your situation has its trials, but did you never consider these trials may be the hedge by which God fences in your other comforts?

A. Explain your meaning.

B. It may be that God, knowing that you must have trials to keep you from setting your heart on this world, sends trouble on you in the present form, to spare himself and you the necessity of trying you in more severe forms. Do you not think it highly probable, for example, that God disciplines some of his children by poverty and perplexity, that he may thus save them from heavier blows, such as wasting sickness, and repeated bitter bereavements?

A. (with tears.) I will endeavor, by the help of God, never to complain again.—Ohio Obs.

EDITING A PAPER.

Hear what the National Intelligencer, published by Messrs. Gales & Seaton, at Washington city, one of the most valuable and ably conducted papers in this country, says about editing a newspaper:—"Many people estimate the ability of a newspaper, and the industry and talents of its editor, by the editorial matter it contains. It is comparatively an easy task for a frothy writer to pour out daily columns of words—words upon any and all subjects. His ideas may flow in 'one weak, washy, everlasting flood,' and his command of language may enable him to string them together like bunches of onions; and yet his paper may be a meagre and poor concern. But what is the labor, the toil of such a man, who displays his 'loaded matter' ever so largely, to that imposed on the judicious, well informed editor, who exercises his vocation with an hourly consciousness of his responsibilities and duties, and devotes himself to the conduct of his paper, with the same care and assiduity that a sensible lawyer bestows upon a suit, a humane physician upon a patient, without regard to show or display? Indeed, the mere writing part of editing a paper is but a small portion of the work. The care, the time employed in selecting, is far more important, and the tact of a good editor better shown by his selections, than any thing else, and that, we know, is half the battle. But, as we have said, an editor ought to be estimated, and his labors understood and appreciated, by the general conduct of his paper—its tone—its temper—its uniform, consistent course—its principles—its aims—its manliness—its dignity—its propriety. To preserve these as they should be preserved, is enough to occupy fully the time and attention of any man. If to this be added, the general supervision of the newspaper establishment, which most editors have to encounter, the wonder is, how they can find time or room to write at all."

CAVERN OF THE EARLY CHRISTIANS.

A cavern, remarkable in an archaeological point of view, has just been discovered at about eight leagues from Guelma, in Algeria, on the side of the Maltia mountains. It is hollowed out of an immense calcareous rock, a circular entrance of seven or eight yards in diameter, about four hundred yards in depth, and runs from one hundred to one thousand two hundred yards in length, taking an inclined direction, and requires thirty-five minutes to reach its extremity. A thousand stalactites, of various forms, adorn its inside, and the ground is enriched with a prodigious quantity of enormous blocks fallen from the vault. But what gives it its greatest interest, is the number of Latin inscriptions at the entrance. They are, for the most part, illegible, but the name of Donatus is to be deciphered in more places than one. It belongs to the earlier times of Christianity, as the names of unknown martyrs appear, and there is no doubt the cavern was the refuge of the then persecuted Christians. The Arabs have many famous legends on the subject, and dread entering it, lest they should be seized and detained by an evil genius or spirit.—And yet it was an Arab, the chief Demadj Ren Kyrad, who led some Frenchmen into this cave, the silence of which had not before been disturbed for ages.

It is common for those who walk in false ways themselves to rejoice in the false steps they sometimes see others make.

He who can do good by speaking, neglects his duty by keeping silence.

Whittingham and Dr. Senbury. Will it be pretended that either of these gentlemen is what he was ten or fifteen years since, or the paper which they edited? And what is the difference? Is it not simply that of development? The old fashioned High Churchman has grown very naturally into the Tractarian. As to Dr. Senbury, he seems to have undergone a triple transformation—first low, then high, then Puseyite. Both the larva and chrysalis state, however, are now fairly over, and we find him soaring above his former associates, a mature tractarian butterfly.

THE ACQUISITION OF DILIGENCE.

It is wonderful, says Mr. Hazlitt, how much is done in a short space, provided we set about it properly, and give our minds wholly to it. Let any one devote himself to any art or science, ever so strenuously, and he will still have leisure to make considerable progress in half a dozen other acquisitions. Leonardo da Vinci was a mathematician, a poet, and an anatomist, being one of the greatest painters of the age. Michael Angelo was a prodigy of versatility and talent, a writer of sonnets, (which Wordsworth has thought worthy of translating,) and the friend of Dante. Salvator was a musician, and a saint. Titian was an elegant letter writer, and a finished gentleman. Sir Joshua Reynolds' discourses are more classical and polished than any of his pictures. Let a man do all he can in any one branch of study, he must either exhaust himself and doze over it, or vary his pursuit, or else lie idle. All our real labor lies in a nut-shell. The mind makes, at some period or other, one Herculean effort, and the rest is mechanical. We have to climb a steep and narrow precipice at first, but after that the way is broad and easy, where we drive several accomplishments abreast. Men should have one principal pursuit, which may be both agreeably and advantageously diversified with lighter ones.

THE NOBLE COLORED SAILOR.

The Philadelphia correspondent of the New York Mirror, relates the following:—"Yesterday I went down to the Navy Yard to see the wreck of the United States brig Washington. The raving of the wind and waves had indeed despoiled her of her fair proportions.—There is a little incident connected with the melancholy event, which will be found of deepest interest. The whole crew, save four, (three of whom were the only ones on board who could not swim) were swept violently into the sea, but, with the exception of Lieut. Bache, and ten others, soon regained the vessel. Last among those who drew themselves dripping and almost exhausted out of the element, was a colored man from Annapolis, Maryland. As soon as he touched the deck, he inquired, "Where is Mr. Bache?" "I don't know," said the man addressed. "Have any of you seen Mr. Bache?" persisted the earnest inquirer. "Yes," said two or three, "there he floats, half a mile below." "Then I will try and save him," rejoined the noble hearted fellow, plunging again into the briny wave, from which he was doomed, alas! never more to rise.

THE AMERICAN MOCKING BIRD.

This imitative, but inimitable songster, is justly regarded as the greatest of feathered vocalists. He is a pet and a sort of pride of our land. We have recently (says the Richmond Times) been in a section of Virginia where they abound, where the traveller on a fair day is seldom out of hearing of their blithely tones, and where their subdued notes are often heard during the whole night, as they sit in the shrubbery of the garden. The New York Express, in an article on birds, gives the following graphic sketch of this merry and delightful songster.

"But the glory of all singing birds, the famed nightingales of all lands included, is the mocking bird of our country. No other can compare with it in variety. It sings its own songs, and it sings, with the most exquisite and never-ending variations, the songs of all other birds besides. What cannot he do? He is not too humble or distrustful of his abilities, we creature that he is, to refrain from imitating the scream of the eagle as he sits poised upon some lofty cypress, nor too proud to assume, when it pleases his fital fancy, the chirp of the hedge-sparrow. He goes further, and calls the sportsman's setter from his game, the huntsman's hound from his scent, by his mischievous whistle. Hear him hoot at the owl, croak ironically from a perch, call away the caw from beneath their mother's wings by his stimulated cluck, or frighten the whole family of them by the most portentous screaming of the hawk; and then, as if laughing at all this fun—as your best jesters—listen, as he soars amidst the umbrage of yonder elm, and bursts forth into a peal of merry music which makes all who hear it laugh for company. The mocking bird for us."

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Whittingham and Dr. Senbury. Will it be pretended that either of these gentlemen is what he was ten or fifteen years since, or the paper which they edited? And what is the difference? Is it not simply that of development? The old fashioned High Churchman has grown very naturally into the Tractarian. As to Dr. Senbury, he seems to have undergone a triple transformation—first low, then high, then Puseyite. Both the larva and chrysalis state, however, are now fairly over, and we find him soaring above his former associates, a mature tractarian butterfly.

THE ACQUISITION OF DILIGENCE.

It is wonderful, says Mr. Hazlitt, how much is done in a short space, provided we set about it properly, and give our minds wholly to it. Let any one devote himself to any art or science, ever so strenuously, and he will still have leisure to make considerable progress in half a dozen other acquisitions. Leonardo da Vinci was a mathematician, a poet, and an anatomist, being one of the greatest painters of the age. Michael Angelo was a prodigy of versatility and talent, a writer of sonnets, (which Wordsworth has thought worthy of translating,) and the friend of Dante. Salvator was a musician, and a saint. Titian was an elegant letter writer, and a finished gentleman. Sir Joshua Reynolds' discourses are more classical and polished than any of his pictures. Let a man do all he can in any one branch of study, he must either exhaust himself and doze over it, or vary his pursuit, or else lie idle. All our real labor lies in a nut-shell. The mind makes, at some period or other, one Herculean effort, and the rest is mechanical. We have to climb a steep and narrow precipice at first, but after that the way is broad and easy, where we drive several accomplishments abreast. Men should have one principal pursuit, which may be both agreeably and advantageously diversified with lighter ones.

THE NOBLE COLORED SAILOR.

The Philadelphia correspondent of the New York Mirror, relates the following:—"Yesterday I went down to the Navy Yard to see the wreck of the United States brig Washington. The raving of the wind and waves had indeed despoiled her of her fair proportions.—There is a little incident connected with the melancholy event, which will be found of deepest interest. The whole crew, save four, (three of whom were the only ones on board who could not swim) were swept violently into the sea, but, with the exception of Lieut. Bache, and ten others, soon regained the vessel. Last among those who drew themselves dripping and almost exhausted out of the element, was a colored man from Annapolis, Maryland. As soon as he touched the deck, he inquired, "Where is Mr. Bache?" "I don't know," said the man addressed. "Have any of you seen Mr. Bache?" persisted the earnest inquirer. "Yes," said two or three, "there he floats, half a mile below." "Then I will try and save him," rejoined the noble hearted fellow, plunging again into the briny wave, from which he was doomed, alas! never more to rise.

THE AMERICAN MOCKING BIRD.

This imitative, but inimitable songster, is justly regarded as the greatest of feathered vocalists. He is a pet and a sort of pride of our land. We have recently (says the Richmond Times) been in a section of Virginia where they abound, where the traveller on a fair day is seldom out of hearing of their blithely tones, and where their subdued notes are often heard during the whole night, as they sit in the shrubbery of the garden. The New York Express, in an article on birds, gives the following graphic sketch of this merry and delightful songster.

